Rocco and the Irishman

-Hey Ticky Toole! Our Irishman! Harp from Harrowgate.
Shanty Irish: Shit in the bed and kick it out!

-Faith and fuckin begorra, Wop!

-How are all the Reagan Democrats and other traitors?

-Hey, give us a break! The hippies were queering our sons so we opted for the union busters. Made common cause with John Birch Society.

-How'd that work out?

-Like any con. But Republicans threw in the sponge this time. Nothing left to steal, I guess.

-You learn anything?

-No. Too thick. Even thicker than you ghinnies.

-Sorry. We lead that index hands down. And we display it! No seething like cold Harps. How could any woman marry you icebergs?

-They never learn neither! Well, skipping such happy horseshit, how about Conservatives now that I aren’t one?

-My old, enduring image is of a dog eating its tail.

-And now that they're out?

-Rabid!